

mark rogers can always be seen whenever you put your foot on the rail—it's in front over by the mirror. why? because it's the best in the house and the proprietor displays it with pride. **mark rogers** is the finest rye whiskey, rich, satisfying and palatable, but it may not be served unless you say, "a little **mark rogers**, please," because it costs more than the ordinary brands. you'll not forget its delicious flavour. it's great!!

bluthenthal & bickart, inc.

"b. & b."

"the great big house"

baltimore

M. McPADDEN, Distributor,
99 Booth Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW BOOKS

FROM A MINING CAMP TO A CORONET :: :: ::

That is the wide scope of Arthur W. Marchmont's new Novel, dealing with American and English Life, entitled

The Case of Lady Broadstone

"This is eminently a story of action, bristling with dramatic situations and thrilling climaxes. A beautiful love romance begins with the opening chapter, and is carried on continuously to the end of the book."—Chronicle-Telegraph, Pittsburg.

IT WILL HOLD YOU FROM START TO FINISH

1 Vol. Illustrated 12 mo. Cloth and Gilt, \$1.50

EMPIRE BOOK CO., 68 Murray Street, New York

PUBLISHED TODAY

THE RECOVERY

A Story of Kentucky

By **JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER**

AUTHOR OF

THE SUN OF SARATOGA

A SOLDIER OF MANHATTAN

A HERALD OF THE WEST

THE LAST REBEL

IN HOSTILE RED

"The Recovery" is a romance of love and politics in the author's native state of Kentucky, and is an advance over its predecessors in vividness, compactness, and dramatic power.

The story abounds in short but happy descriptions, and it contains many brilliant touches of humor. All of the author's novels are marked by that rare quality, humor, and nowhere does it show more strongly than in "The Recovery."

1 vol., 12mo, 356 pp.; cloth, gilt, \$1.50

At all booksellers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers

FRANK F. LOVELL CO., 68 Murray Street, New York

COAL and WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Telephone 481-6

A 9 all

BERKSHIRE MILLS.

Try Sprague's Extra

ICE
COAL
WOOD

HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL

Sprague Ice & Coal Co.

East End East Washington Ave. Bridge

Telephone 710

Not Many Store-Sales Are Uninfluenced by Store-Advertising!

The store-sales to-day that are uninfluenced, directly or indirectly, by store-advertising will not have amounted to ten per cent. of the total business of the day. By the direct influence of advertising is meant the sales of articles specifically advertised. By the indirect influence of advertising is meant the articles sold that are not specifically advertised, but are displayed to the customers who are drawn to the store BY THE ADVERTISED ARTICLES. In the latter case, as surely as in the first, the advertising must be credited with the sale.

Observant merchants know that this is true. They should gain courage from the knowledge to strengthen their advertising campaigns to the point of matching their store-hopes and plans.

LADY ATHLYNE

Copyright, 1908, by BRAM STOKER

Entered at Stationer's Hall—All rights reserved

(Continued.)

As he did not know anything about the history of Colonel Ogilvie's family he went to the peerage books and made lists of the bearers of that name in its different spellings; and then as he decided to go to many of the places named he made runs into Perthshire and Forfar. He came to the conclusion that he must have misunderstood Colonel Ogilvie in alluding to the "Border Counties." He had a hunch, however, a good deal of local information which might be pleasing to his prospective father-in-law.

One morning he had a letter which quite flattered him. It was from Aunt Judy telling him that Colonel Ogilvie had announced his intention of starting on the then coming Thursday, to the north, and that he had given as the direction of his letters till further notice the "Inn of Greeting, Ambleside." The unique and cheerful note he received from this news was neutralized by the postscript:

"By the way this of course in your private ear, now and hereafter, Colonel Ogilvie is vastly disappointed that you have not been to see him in London, and that you have not even replied to his letter. Surely there has been some mistake about this. I sincerely hope so, for he looks on any breach of courtesy, or any defect in it, as an unpardonable sin. He has been the fact of his mentioning it to his woman-kind that he has taken it to heart. Do, my dear friend, who have done so much for us and for friends, we wish to hold, repair this without delay. He is an old man and may possibly expect more from a younger man than from one of our standing. I am sure that if there has been any omission there is on your part a good reason for it. But do not lose any time. If you can, write him at once, and I am sure you do—you would do well to go up to Ambleside—if you have not seen him already—and call on him and clear up the matter. I will drop me a line at once to say you have received this and telling me what you intend to do."

He sat for a while quite still, putting his thoughts in order. It was now Monday so that Colonel Ogilvie would have been already some days at Ambleside. He took it for granted that Joy was with him, but he could not help a qualm of doubt about even that. Aunt Judy had not mentioned her in the matter. The only possible allusion was in the underlining of the word "all." Otherwise the letter was too direct and too serious for any cryptic meaning.

He came to the conclusion that his best plan would be to go at once to some place on Wundermere, and from there go quietly to Ambleside and find out for himself how things lay. The best place for him to stay at would, for his purposes, be Bowness. There he would leave his car with the chauffeur and drive in a carriage to Ambleside. When there he would contrive to meet if possible Joy alone. He would surely be able to form from her attitude some opinion of her disposition towards him. If he were satisfied as to this he would at once go to her father, tell him the whole story, and place himself in his hands.

But then he thought that if he were so near his name might become known to Colonel Ogilvie; that infernal alias seemed to be always standing in his way! He was so obsessed by the subject that at times he quite overlooked the fact that neither the Colonel nor any of his family knew anything whatever of the matter. It took him an hour's hard thought before this idea presented itself to him. It took a weight off his mind. If by any chance Colonel Ogilvie should hear that an individual called Lord Athlyne was in the neighborhood it would mean nothing to him. Nothing except the proximity of one more of that "bloated aristocracy," which one class of Americans run down—and another run after.

He was then up in Ross. As he did not wish to "rush" matters he decided to start next day. When that time came he had fully made up his plan of action. As the Ogilvies were at Ambleside he would go to Bowness. As there was a service of public coaches he could go between the places mentioned—without even the isolation of the carriage for his sole use. He would go quietly to the Inn of Greeting and learn what he could about their movements. The rest must depend on circumstances. But there must be no hurry; the matter was too serious now and the issue too important to take any risk. But when he should have seen Joy and known, or believed, or understood . . . Then he would lose no moment in seeing her father. But he might not get a chance of seeing him alone and undisturbed, and favourable to his purpose. He must be ready. All at once an idea struck him.

All these weeks Athlyne had now and again had a vague feeling of uneasiness which he could not understand; a sort of feeling that he would some time wake and wonder what he had been fretting and fuming about. Why could he not have written to Colonel Ogilvie at any time? Even he had left New York for London; he had been on board ship, or whilst the American family had been in Italy, or even when the Colonel had been in London? Why not now? After all there was nothing in any way wrong; nothing to be ashamed of. He was of good social position; at least as good as Joy's father was. He was rich and wanted no fortune with his wife. He had won certain honours—a man of whose name had been suffixed to the S.O. and D.S.O. must be considered personally adequate for ordinary purposes. And so on. Vanity and self-interest, in addition to the working of the blither quality, supplied many good reasons.

And yet! . . . He was always being brought up against one of two things: Colonel Ogilvie's past views and character, or his own position towards him with regard to the alias. He could always find in either of these something which might hurt him, or trouble to Joy. Moreover there was another matter which was a powerful factor in his conclusions, although it was one which he did not analyze or even realize. It was one that worked unconsciously a disposition rather than a thought. Lord Athlyne was Scotch and Irish; Celt of Celt on his mother's side. He had all that underlying desire of the unknown which creates sentiment, and which is so pronounced among the Celts. It was this, more than any other factor, that made the place of birth which has made the peasantry of the Green Isle for seven hundred years fight all opposing forces from hunger to bayonets, to hold possession of their own. This it is which animated a race, century after century, to suffer and endure from the Conquerors of the more prosaic race all sorts of pain and want, and for reasons not understandable by others. Those who have lived amongst those Celts of the outlying fringes, amongst whom racial tendencies remain unaltered by changing circumstances, and by whose traditions are preserved not by historical purposes but by the exercises of faith, know that there is a something which has a name but no external bounds or limitations, no quick principle, no settled purpose. Something which to an alien can only be described by negatives; if any idea can at all be arrived at by such—any idea however rudimentary, phantasmal or vague—it can only be acquired at a price, a process of exclusion. The name is "The Gloom"; the rest is a

birthright. Those who can understand it need no telling or explaining; others who cannot understand it than those born without eyes can see. It is a quality opposed to no other; it can exist with any. It can co-exist with being, with being with commerce. It makes no change in other powers or qualities of the children of Adam. Those who possess it can be good or evil, or silly, or heroic or mean. It can add force to intellect, understand nature, give quiet delight or spiritual pain. And the bulk of those who have it do not think of it or even know it or if they do, hardly ever speak of it.

Athlyne had his full share of it. Being young and strong and of a class in which which lacks amusement he had not been given to self-analysis. But all the same, though he did not think of it, the force was there. In his present emotional crisis it brought the lover in him up to the Celtic ideal. An ideal so strangely saturated with love that his whole being, his aims and ambitions, his hopes and his pleasures and pains yielded place to it, and for the time became merged in it. To him the whole world seemed to revolve around the measure of intellect, the belief if Joy loved him or was on the way to doing so. When he was satisfied as to this he would be free to act; but not before.

On the journey he had allowed the chauffeur to drive, as he wanted to think over the whole matter without fear of being interrupted. He sat in the tonneau and made from time to time notes in his pocket-book. He had now made up his mind that he would write to Colonel Ogilvie and tell him the whole circumstances. This he would keep in his pocket so that at the first moment when he was satisfied with his plan he could post it. In case he could not have the opportunity of a personal explanation. After dinner the second night of the journey he wrote the letter and then copying it out on his own note paper of which he had for the purpose brought a supply with him, he was ready to post it. He left nothing that he could think of open to doubt. When he had got this off his mind sleep came to him.

Next day he took the train himself, and that day when there was fitting opportunity the car hummed along merrily at top speed. Before sunset he had arrived at Bowness. He left the car in charge of the chauffeur, on whom he again impressed the necessity for absolute silence. The man was naturally discreet, and he saw that he was in a good situation. Athlyne was satisfied on leaving him that his orders would be thoroughly carried out.

In the forenoon of the next day he took the steamer which plies along the Lake, and in due course landed at Ambleside. He was met by a man whose eyes searched keenly all around him as he moved. He would not miss a chance of seeing Joy.

CHAPTER XI

The Beautiful Twilight.

The first couple of days at Ambleside were a delight to Joy. In the change from the roar and confusion of London was such a sense of peace that it influenced even the pain of her heart-hunger. Here in this lovely place, where despite the life and movement of the little town nature seemed to reign, was something to calm nerves overstrung with waiting and apprehension. It was a relief to her to find a place where she could about the pleasant roads with her father; to take long drives beneath shady trees or up on the hillside where the lake lay below like a banner on the steamer's deck and drift along the beautiful lake.

Her father was now and again impatient, not with her but because of the non-arrival of the motor which he had ordered in London. It had not been quite ready when they left and so it was delayed. He should follow them. He wanted to have it in possession so that they could fly all over the region; the American in him was clamorous for movement, for speed and progress! He kept up an endless telegraphing with the motor people in London, and when at last they wired that the car was nearly ready he got a map and traced out the route. Each day he marked out a space that he thought it ought to have covered, crediting it for every hour of daylight with top speed. After all, no matter what our ages may be, we are but children and the new toy but renews the old yearning for speed and progress. In turn the old disillusionment and the old empty-hearted discontent. And the new toy may be of any shape; even that of a motor-car—or a beating human heart.

Partly out of affection for her father and so from sympathy with him, and partly as a relief to herself, Joy looked eagerly for the coming of the car. She used to go with him to the post office when he was sending his telegrams. Indeed she never left him; and he was sure he was glad of her companionship. Now and again would come over her an overwhelming wave of despair—grief and regret. She knew not what—when she thought of the friendship so romantically begun but falling so soon. The letters from Aunt Judy used to come and over her mind would flash the thought that she had not understood what there was no meeting; and her questions, made altogether for the girl's happiness, had been answered by a man of complete ignorance, gave her niece new concern. She had to give reasons, invent excuses. This in itself, for she was a woman of the highest order, was fuel to her own passion. Joy's love was ripening very fast; all her nature was yielding to it. Each day seemed to make her a trifle tinner. Her eyes seemed to grow bigger and at times to glow like lamps. Whenever she could, she kept looking out on the road by which he might come. Walking or driving or in the hotel it was all the same. In the sitting-room her seat was near the window, her place at table where she could command a view. All this added to her beauty and so her father took no concern from it. He thought she was looking well; and as she was hearty and always, whilst with him, in good spirits and vivacious and even eager in her movements, he was more than satisfied.

One day when she was sitting alone close to the window, presumably reading for she had a book in her lap, she caught sight with the tail of her eye of a figure that she knew. There was no mistaking on her part that tall, upright man with the springy step; the image was too deeply burned into her mind. She slipped down from her seat, her heart stood still; and then the wave of feeling went over her. Instinctively she drew back and kept her head low so that only her eyes were over the line of the window sill. She did not wish to be recognised—all at once. With the realization of the man's presence she felt a new and more active exercise of her woman's wiles. He was walking so slowly that she had time to observe him fully, to feast her eyes on him. He was looking up at the hotel, not eagerly she thought, but expectantly. This, though it did not chill her, somehow put her on her guard. She slipped behind the window curtain and peeped cautiously. As he came closer to the hotel he went still more slowly. He did not come to the door as she expected, but moved along

the street. This all puzzled her; puzzled her very much. She knew that Judy had written to him of their coming to London, she had seen his reply to her letter; and Judy with her usual thoughtful kindness had mentioned—as though by chance—for she was the very soul of kindly discretion—that when she knew what locality and hotel had been fixed on for the visit to the Lakes she would tell him. It was evident, then, that they were there and in the hotel; why, then, did he not come to see them. How she would have hurried, she thought, had she been the man; but she loved as she did! She had no doubting whatever of his good faith. "Perfect love casteth out fear." And doubt is not fear in a third form. She accepted in simple good faith that he had some purpose or reason of his own. Her manifest duty to him, therefore, was not to let any wish or act of hers clash with it. She set herself to think it all out, feeling in reality far happier than she had done for many weeks. It was not merely that she had, after long waiting, seen the man; but she was now able to do something for him—if indeed it was only the curbing of her own curiosity, her own desires.

She rose quietly and went to her bedroom which was at another side of the house—on the side towards which he had passed. Her father was writing letters and she did not want to disturb him at breakfast that he would not be able to go out for an hour or two. In his room she went cautiously to her window and, again hiding behind the curtain, glanced into the street. She felt quite sad when she only saw his back as he walked slowly away. Every now and again he would stop and look round him as though admiring the place and the views as the openings between the houses allowed him to see the surrounding country. Once or twice she could see him look out under his eyebrows as though watching the hotel without appearing to do so. Presently he came to the corner of the next street to the left, moving as though he wished to go all around the hotel.

She sat down and thought, her heart beating hard. Her face was covered with both her hands. Forehead and cheeks and neck were deeply flushed; and when she took away her hands her eyes were bright and seemed to glow. She seemed filled with happiness, but all the same looked immensely demure; as is woman's nature, playing to conceal when alone.

Before she left the room she had changed her clothes putting on after several experiments the frock which she thought the most becoming. She did not send for her maid, but did everything for herself; even to hanging up the discarded frocks. Then she took a book from the sitting-room and took as before her seat at the window, keeping however a little more in the background. She wanted to see rather than to be seen. With her eyes searching under her lashes the approaches to the hotel like searchlights, she sat quite quietly for some time. At length the eyes suddenly fell for an instant under an uncontrollable wave of diffidence; she had seen him pass into the garden opposite to the hotel and so secretly behind some flower bushes opposite the doorway. But after that one drop of the eyes, there was scarcely even the flicker of an eyelid; she did not want to lose a single glimpse of him.

Sitting by the window, where he could see her, for a full hour until her father appeared, she thought over the new phase of the matter. If she had ever had any real doubt as to whether Mr. Edward Hardy loved her, it was all resolved now. For certain he loved her—and as such, she hoped, as she loved him. He had sought her out at Ambleside; for even in her own secret mind she never went through the pretence of trying to persuade herself that it may have been some one else that was thinking for her.

But why was he so secret? Why did he not come at once into the hotel and ask to see her father. He had been invited to come; he had been made a welcome guest at the Holand. He knew their movements; he had written to Judy. But why did he keep so close? If he wanted to see her altogether he had only to keep away.

(To be Continued.)

TRY TO-DAY

If you are low-spirited and lack life, look after your digestion—try Ames Pleasant Specific. It sweetens the stomach and cures the blues.

If your head aches, your ears buzz, your eyes blur, or you are dizzy and functionally disturbed—look after your bowels.

Ames Pleasant Specific is the best regulator of the bowels in the whole world.

WE KNOW IT

to be so, for we have sold these famous little pellets for five years, and have sold thousands of them, and hundreds of people tell us that they have never found anything to equal Pleasant Specific for dyspepsia and constipation.

It is not necessary to keep on taking them everlastingly, for they soon bring the system to the regular natural order of doing things.

50c PACKAGE 25c

and our guarantee of money back if you're not satisfied.

Ames' Pleasant Specific is in the form of small pellets, a month's treatment in a package.

It is the pleasantest remedy to take, the quickest in effect, and does not gripe or distress in the least.

Try today on our recommendation and under our guarantee.

A full regular-size 50c package for 25c.

J. A. LEVEY & BROS.,
1635 Main St., 608 Park Ave.,
North End, Bridgeport

Weak? Tired? Run-down?

These conditions come from overwork, a weak stomach, overtaxed nerves or feeble blood. When you feel "all in"—hardly able to drag about, no energy, no ambition, easily exhausted and can't sleep—take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and note what a difference they make in your condition. The stomach is the first to feel the good effects. Food tastes good, the digestion is strengthened; bowels and bile work regularly, the blood is cleansed, and the nerves rested. The whole system responds to the tonic action of Beecham's Pills. Soon there is the buoyant feeling of returning health.

Fresh Strength and New Life

Boxes 10c. and 25c., with full directions.

JOHN F. FAY, 239 FAIRFIELD AVE
4 Doors Above Broad St
High class Furniture, Draperies and Novelities, re-upholstering and refinishing furniture, Shades and Curtains in great variety.

All kinds of bedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England. Telephone 732-3

IRA GREGORY & CO., Established 1847

Branch Office 972 Main Street
Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue
COAL

WAKE UP! STOP DREAMING :: ::
Prices have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW

THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY
Branch Office GEO. B. CLAR & CO. YARD AND MAIN OFFICE
30 Fairfield Avenue Telephone 2457 150 Housatonic Avenue

Don't Allow Your Coal Bins to Become Empty

for these spring days are often the most treacherous of the year—keep an easily regulated fire in your furnace or stove, then when the cold damp days come you're ready and the home will be warm and comfortable. Our coal in your bin will assure you of this.

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.
421 HOUSATONIC AVE. Telephone 154
Down Town Office 154 FAIRFIELD AVE.



and you will be
SATISFIED
Good and Clean

WHEELER & HOWES,

944 MAIN ST. East End Congress Street Bridge

THIS MEANS YOU!

A POINTER

How To Improve Business

ONE OF THE MOST ESSENTIAL REQUISITES TO AN UP-TO-DATE, MODERN BUSINESS, IS A SELECT AND WELL-PRINTED ASSORTMENT OF OFFICE STATIONERY. "A MAN IS JUDGED BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS." THE SAME RULE APPLIES TO THE STATIONERY OF BUSINESS MEN.

The Farmer Publishing Co.

Book and Job
Printers

27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

WANT ADVS. ONE CENT A WORD.